

# LIMERICK SOCIALIST

JULY, 1977.

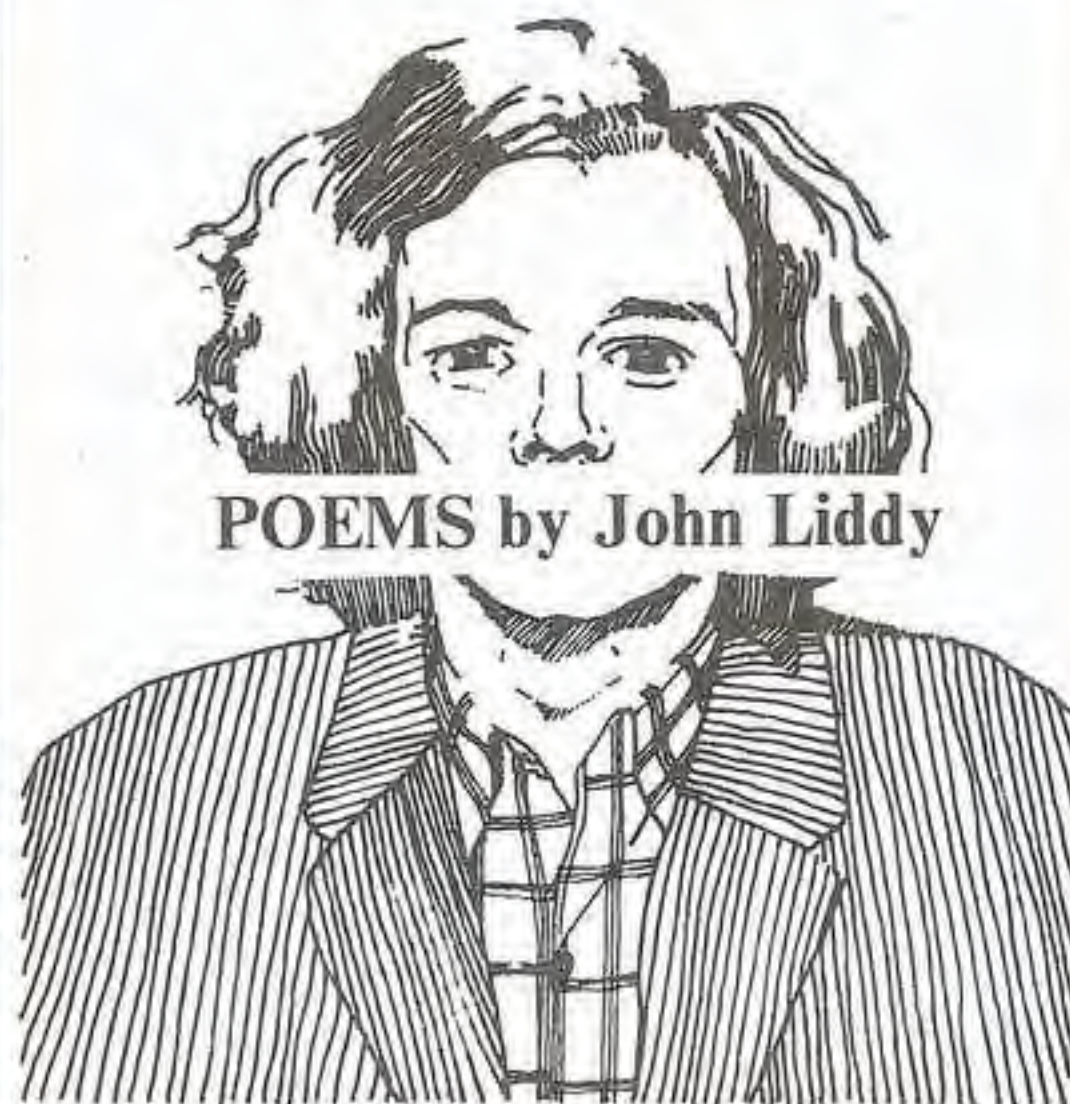
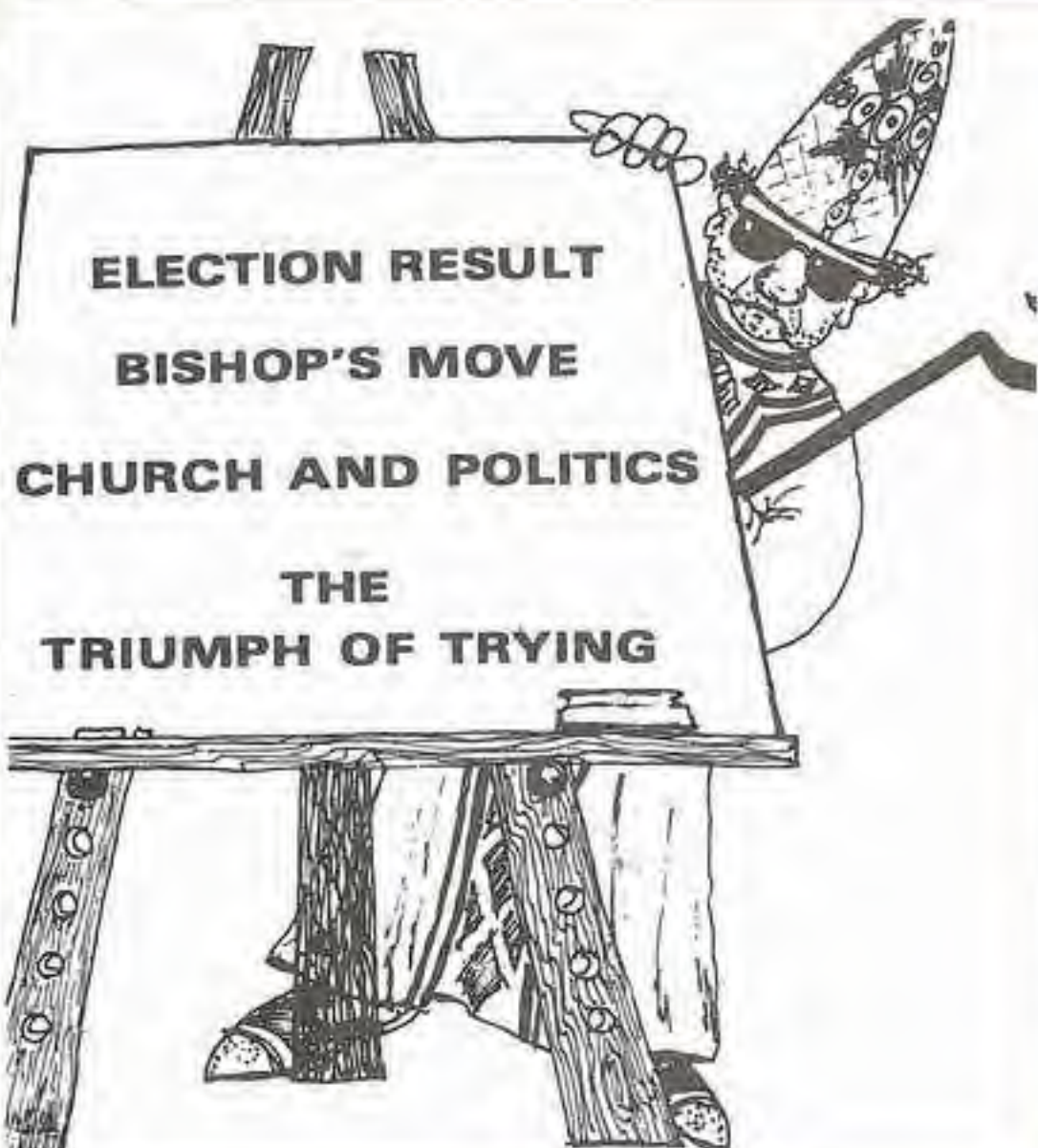
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**THE  
VOICE  
OF THE  
WORKER**

'That which is good for the working class I esteem patriotic . . .'  
*James Connolly*

## MONEY AND POWER





# BISHOP'S MOVE

BY BERNOT MCELVOY

SOCIALISM AND Socialists have undoubtedly suffered a blow through the election defeat of their standard-bearer Jim Kemmy in Limerick. From the moment Mick Lipper was encouraged to stand, nominated you may safely say by Dr. Newman, the bishop who is, moryah, above politics, and undoubtedly, though indirectly through his understrappers, financed by him it was too much to hope that the ranks of the protesters would hold. Lead kindly light, a totally worthless opiate when it comes to jobs and justice, won the day. Dr. Newman does not personally, or the Catholic hierarchy in the mass, believe in elections; there is no nonsense about a bishop having to submit to the arbitrament of the people every four or five years — that's for ordinary mortals — because bishops we are told are the direct descendants of the Twelve Apostles (of whom Judas Iscariot was one although this is not stressed in present-day literature) just like Archbishop Lefebvre the new darling of the far-out Right on the Continental mainland.

Whatever about his apostolic derivation, indeed which Apostle he derives from, Dr. Newman is now a political figure; he threw a not-reluctant Mick Lipper into the arena and he must now answer for his protege to the electors of Limerick. Some might find it difficult to separate a bishop from his saintly office but the effort must be made: it will be an effort of will for many, but I find no difficulty in separating a priest with his stole on from the uncouth, unlettered, burnt-out case who gloats as a timid hare is torn to pieces at Clounanna. So Dr. Newman as a Director of Elections and Mick Lipper T.D. his mouthpiece will get no mercy in these columns.

The label 'Democratic Labour' which hangs so oddly on Mick Lipper, especially having regard to the circumstances in which he was offered for sale to the electorate, will be discarded in due course and Official Labour under the weak-kneed Cluskey will soon be offering the shelter of its depleted ranks to The Bishop's Runner.

But, truly, none of this really matters; what does matter are jobs and justice. Already, and for the first time for five years, the official statistics show that there is a net emigration. In spite of the vast and growing unemployment in Britain young people are leaving the Republic in thousands — better the British dole and seasonal, casual jobs than NOTHING at home. It is largely this 'nothing' — girl school-leavers do not even get the pittance-dole — that is sending our youth away. Any observer of the English Catholic scene — he does not have to be an English Catholic curate or parish priest — will readily tell you that the Irish emigrant gradually discards his conventional religion in his altered circumstances and climate of opinion. (In my own former home district of Tooting Bec the new parish priest has had to set up a drinking club in the basement of St. Anselm's to encourage the Irish emigrants to keep even tenuous links with the Church; it was something that the old Canon always opposed. No wonder he is restive and far from happy in his well-earned retirement; but drink is the larger part of the Irish-Catholic scene, a field, perhaps, for the reforming zeal of a descendant of the Apostles rather than 'Democratic Labour' politics. And I don't think I am mistaken.

Meanwhile, the more children we have the more school-leavers, the more for the emigrant ship. Electing Mick Lipper, or listening to Dr. Newman for that matter, will not help. On the contrary. What is needed is a complete rejection of our social and economic system, the harnessing of the national resources, by force if needs be, to the national needs. There will positively be no change while farmers are permitted to enjoy the illusion that they actually own the land which is the source of our wealth when, in fact, they are merely life-tenants whose duty it is to work it for the benefit of the people at large. Will Fianna Fail endorse such a policy? No. Will Fine Gael? Certainly not. Will porter, lector, exorcist, sub-deacon, deacon and Alderman Mick Lipper? — ask his puppet-master Dr. Jeremiah Newman!

AS THE Fianna Fail programme on which it swept the country is revealed for the nonsense it is there will be growing despair among the ordinary people and a tendency to turn against all political parties and democracy in general. This must be resisted: Socialists, unlike bishops, believe in democracy. When, for instance, a republican government was legitimately elected in Spain the bishops backed a Franco rump and for forty-two years saw to it that the people were deprived of elections. Or rather for forty of those forty-two years because for the last two years the priests and two of the bishops backed the workers and their right to elect a government. The bishops' attitude in Spain was, of course, understandable because under the terms of the Concordat with the Vatican their own appointments had to be approved by Franco; here the situation is different — bishops have to approve the appointment of Ministers (sample: Dr. Noel Browne of Mother and Child Scheme notoriety). Most Irish bishops are content to exercise this power in private and for that reason are the harder to nail. As Dr. Newman choses to nail his coat of arms to a public mast (Mick Lipper!) he must not flinch at a public nailing especially, to pursue the analogy, when the mast and the barque drift to the rocks.

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THE IMMEDIATE task, while we gather our strength to keep up our fight for social justice, is to see that our man, and he is our man, Jim Kemmy, is relieved of the burden of debt which he incurred in our fight. If those who voted for him, subscribed *the price of a pint* per head his debts, really our debts, would be cleared. What we have suffered is only a temporary reverse. As the people's aberration is brought home in its enormity not even a bench of bishops will stop the march of socialism in Limerick. Socialism is on the march in Italy, France, Spain, Portugal. Ireland yet will be under the workers' red banner and there will be social justice for all, not forgetting a free fishing net for at least one descendant of the Apostles and his 'democratic' partner.

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THE ONLY other casualty of the election that I'm sorry for is Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien. What a filthy campaign was waged against him! Leaflets emanating from ultra-"Catholic" organisations and put through every letter-box promised that, among other things, his election would ensure a good supply of 'Congolese call-girls'. One of O'Brien's two married daughters said in the course of the campaign that if only her father could *guarantee* the supply of these call-girls he'd be certain of election. I believe her. No bishop or priest or nominal Catholic politico has apologised to Dr. O'Brien. Not a bit of it. Someone here surely is short on Christian charity, or is it that 'Catholic' Ireland has not been taught anything about it or, if taught, does not think it should be extended to non-believers? What a way to win adherents to the Faith! "If this is your Christian charity thank God I am only a Jew..." On the other hand it may be that we prefer porter and — call-girls!

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AFTER a holiday in pagan England and schismatic France I shall be back to keep you posted about Catholic Ireland and the Newman-Lipper prosperity-through-exhortation axis. Meanwhile, cheer up and keep your power dry.



# poems

by **JOHN LIDDY**

## SOUTHERN COMFORT

In '69 it was different –  
Something had to be done.  
So we turned up  
Our television sets,

Replacing the game  
Of 45 with talk of War.  
But it never happened,  
At least not in the South.

So we grew careless  
With the daily atrocities,  
Taking to the cards again.  
Then the bombs went off

In Dublin, Galway, Limerick  
And Killarney.  
So we beat our knuckles  
On counters of self-pity,

Swearing to join 'the boys'.  
We were angrily suspicious  
And talked about reprisals.  
When the damage and the dead

Were known  
We sat around the pulpit,  
Shaping our prayers  
Like bullets.

Now we refer to the killing  
As 'The Troubles'  
Are thankful to God  
For the Sunday morning chat,

The nightly game of cards,  
Our quiet pathway home  
From the pub.  
We look forward to the

Annual dinner-dance,  
Are stirred by the occasional  
Public debate –  
But we know what it means

To be a majority.  
We know how to tip our caps  
At our confessors  
Who'd forgive us anything.

## BUNDLES OF CHILDREN

She knocked gently  
As though she were a child  
Sent by a parent  
Returning some stolen toy.

Each time she called  
I noticed an older woman  
With the same young eyes  
Gladly accepting.

Whatever was offered  
Knowing only too well  
The many possibilities  
For an over-coat.

Given in June.  
Each year I heard  
The muffled cry  
Of another child.

Lost beneath a pram-full  
Of other people's clothes.

## CONFRATERNITY LESSON

At first  
It must have been  
Puzzling –  
When one of their

Members  
Exhibited a nude  
Study of a boy  
Before puberty

With a halo  
Over his head.

Everybody must  
Have remembered  
When they were  
Innocent  
And slept better  
Than they do now.

Still  
It must have been  
Reassuring –  
To notice a warp  
In the halo  
And the face  
Wrinkled by chisel.

## GRAHAM GREENE

Recently I was reading a less known book of Graham Greene's, "The Lawless Roads". It is a little travel book, an account of a visit to Mexico in 1938: he was commissioned to write on the religious persecution that was then rampant in the country in an attempt to stamp out, as the government of the time saw it, superstition and ignorance and to literally flog the country into the twentieth century. Mr. Greene's account is a frightening tale of ignorance, savagery and stupidity. Anti-clericalism is a strange phenomenon: it has appeared at various times in France and the Radical party in Italy pursue it today. It's history in Europe and Mr. Greene's account of it in the thirties in Mexico show it to be largely middle-class in origin.

Why is it that the middle class go this way? In the past they were generally the better educated in society and were accordingly quick to seize on the irrational, illogical beliefs that floated in society. But why the violence and savagery of the various outbursts? It is not so easy to explain: they probably saw the clergy and their teachings as impeding the progress of scientific materialism, of their class, and their families. Then there is the love-hate cycle well known to students of Joyce: the St. Paul story in reverse; the believer becomes a persecutor. Workers don't adopt, for the most part, anti-clerical positions. If they tire of the Church, they simply drop out.

Mr. Greene's, like Evelyn Waugh's brand of Catholicism, is interesting: there is within the Catholic Church in England a tradition of democracy and independent thought totally lacking in most of the 'Catholic countries'. This stems from a section of its membership: aristocratic or upper middle-class, intellectual, independent-minded, and slightly cynical. Graham Greene's Catholicism filters into nearly all his novels and probably his greatest novel "The Power and the Glory" was based on his Mexican experience. His view of religious practices in Mexico and Haiti ("The Comedians") is one of fascination, wonder, cynical reserve and a slight distaste. Pity he never wrote an Irish novel; it would be interesting, to say the least.

JOHN CASEY.



**PART  
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**BY  
P.J. RYAN**

### THE DIEHARDS JAILED

By the end of September, 1922 there were over seven hundred more Diehard prisoners in Limerick Jail. Some of these had been captured in the various engagements during the course of the civil war. Some had been found in possession of documents, explosives or guns, etc. They were being held for the duration of hostilities. They had the free run of the jail and grounds. They were from Limerick City and the surrounding counties.

Due to the cramped conditions in the jail the prisoners had but little exercise; this came harder on prisoners from the country, who were accustomed to a more vigorous life. Order amongst the prisoners was maintained by their own elected officers. These officers maintained liaison between their men and the prison governor who was a captain in the Staters.

The prisoners were of many social and intellectual classes, and gradually divided into groups of similar tastes. In time petty animonities developed between these various groups, with some members ignoring their elected leaders. There was no oath of allegiance between men and officers, but many men held mental reservations as to the competence of their officers. In time these mental reservations became vocal. Queries and statements alike were freely uttered such as: "Where were you in 1916?" "Why didn't you fight?" "You were under the bed when the Staters got you", etc

All this acrimony tended to make life unpleasant for the prisoners, for the officers, and for the Staters guarding them. These petty recriminations often led to scuffles and fist fights between the prisoners. The only punishment which the officers could inflict on culprits in those squabbles was ostracisation for a day or two. In such cases no other prisoners spoke to the culprit for that period of time.

The vanquished in those squabbles often lost the keen fervour of their political faith. They received insight and revelation. They saw themselves as the unwitting agents of Britain. The jail Governor considered it prudent to release such men. This evident hostility to their comrades suggested their genuine repentance for their hostile acts against the State. Some were released, and returning to their homes discouraged the ardour of those who still opposed the will of the people.

Amongst the prisoners were many who were arrested in a round-up. They were not involved in any way with politics and were totally indifferent to the result or consequences of the Civil War. They were gradually discovered and released. Prior to their release they were questioned, and their replies kept the Staters informed of any escape plans, by tunnelling or by other means.

The inactive boredom and frustration of what looked likely to be unending confinement behind stone walls, was leading to an explosive situation in which some prisoners might become berserk. A situation in which they might become uncontrollable and only the death of some would restrain them.

It was decided to move them from Limerick to the Internment Camp in the Curragh. Because of the destruction of road and rail bridges and the burning and derailment of rolling stock, it was decided to send the prisoners by boat to Dublin and from there to the Curragh Camp. The transfer of the prisoners by boat was a humane and comparatively safe means of transport.

As there were not enough Staters in the city to close off the route from the jail to the docks, the prisoners could not be marched to the boat, but were taken in relays of lorries with an escort in front and rear. The armoured car "Danny Boy" led the convoy and returned to the jail with the empty cars. The operations started around eight in the morning and the boat was ready to sail at eleven a.m. The route to the docks was via Mulgrave Street, William Street, Sarsfield Street, Henry

# The Fourth Siege of Limerick

Street and Shannon Street, straight on to the boat moored at the quayside. The boat was the "Slievenamon".

### ABOARD THE SLIEVENAMON

A guard of one hundred men from the Castle and Strand barracks held back the crowds of friends and relations who were there to see the prisoners off down the Shannon. As the tide was running out the Captain became impatient, fearing that his ship might be grounded on the mud. An escort of fifty men from the New Barracks were rushed on board and the boat sailed late on the tide. As the boat left the dock there was much cheering and waving. The prisoners and escort mingled together on deck. To most of the prisoners this boat trip was a first experience and emotional. The solid earth of Mother Ireland was preferable to the steel decks of "Slievenamon". There was total harmony between both parties. As the boat went down the river the novelty of sailing wore off. The beauty of Foynes, Glin and Tarbert failed to charm. The prisoners began to form discussion groups; the relative strength and position of prisoners and escort were noted. The youth and seeming innocence and inexperience of the escort, as well as the wary tough appearance of others, was observed. As the boat rounded Kerry Head the discussion groups had surrounded some of the escort, indulging in acrimonious debate. That this could occur was anticipated and allowed for.

A Vickers machine gun was uncovered on the bridge and ere a signal whistle blew the prisoners were ordered below deck. There was much shouting of threats and waving of fists but the prisoners went below. Many of the prisoners and escort were known to each other. There was no animosity but friendship between some of them.

From some of these friends it was learned that on an agreed whistle signal, the escort were to be overpowered and thrown overboard. The ship's crew were to be forced at gunpoint to sail into Fenit, where the prisoners would land and occupy the village. They did not know that Fenit had been taken by the Staters two months earlier and was strongly held. Had the prisoners on deck attacked the escort, both groups would have been rubbed out by the Vickers gun.

Towards evening it started to rain. Some of the escort had the humane thought of covering the open hatches to keep the rain off the prisoners. The ship's officers pointed out, however, that this kindly thought if carried out, would result in the death of the prisoners by suffocation.

To feed the prisoners some four-gallon dixies of tea, as well as bread and butter, were lowered into the hold. The prisoners had little appetite, however, and the escort fared no better.

The prisoners slept on mattresses and blankets which covered the wooden floor of the hold. In the warm darkness they could hear the escort moving around on the deck in the cold and rain. They were happy in the thought that the Staters were getting wet. No provision was made for the escort to get some sleep. They could sleep standing or sitting on their hunkers in any sheltered nook. When it rained they could take shelter in the small galley, or on the iron barred grating above the engine room. They had a most unpleasant time, but were relieved from any anxiety about the prisoners. They knew that none of the prisoners could tunnel their way out of the steamship "Slievenamon". This thought made them happy, so that, in a modest way, both the prisoners and escort were happy.

The second day was bright and sunny. The prisoners were



# A LABOUR LETTER

To Mick Lipper T.D.,  
Limerick.

The Labour Party,  
16 Gardiner Place,  
Dublin 1.

Dear Mick,

Congratulations on your election. I intended to contact you sooner but I was busy as you know. Officially I am not supposed to write this and I expect you to destroy it as soon as you have read it; unofficially most of us were genuinely pleased to see you lift the seat from Stevie. Steve was always good for a laugh but he was bad for the party. The intellectuals, many of whom sacrificed seats writing articles and letters in the newspapers promoting party policy, were, and are, dead against him. Brendan Corish says he saw him at The Junction Races and he was looking great: he was always more at home with horses than with people if the truth were told. Sure he's well off with his business connections, his pension, what have you. Still, he was looking for a Senate nomination, himself and the young lad, Thady, bugging everyone. Watch the young lad, he's a right little gouger and he'll spend the next four years trying to wrinkle that seat from you. However, I have no doubt but you'll be keeping an eye on him.

To get down to business: we're keen to have you back in the party—apply, jump through a few hoops and apologise half-a-dozen times for standing against the party and we'll "consider" your application. It's only all an act but sure we're all actors; it continually amazes me how the electorate take us seriously every four years. Speaking of acting did you ever meet my sister May—she's the best actress in The Abbey? No. I don't suppose you ever went to the Abbey but you probably saw her on the T.V. in "Tolka Row". She thought the beard and glasses were the making of me, as Brendan says: "You look like a cross between a Dublin trade unionist and an intellectual". And that's the secret: I smile into my beard, on the telly, when I get an awkward question and they think I know the answer but won't be drawn. Sure no more than poor old Corish, who lately couldn't even read his scripts right, I haven't a clue but I fooled them with smiles and heavy spectacles.

On the question of eyesight my left eye is excellent. I have drawn a bead on the Labour lefties and you'll see them turfed out en masse over the next month or so. With them gone we'll

be able to make some sense of the party. You might have heard me talking about socialism on the telly; most of those journalists are trendy lefties and want to hear me saying "socialism". So if they want to hear they will but it has nothing to do with the party: it seems they get a thrill from words like that. At least that's what Conor said; people are strange.

But to be honest, I'm a bit worried about the party: it's top heavy with culchies. Now I've nothing against them but the country fellows are only in the party for the union money at election times. Fair dues but they're good constituency workers: we're organising seminars for the intellectuals on constituency representation as soon as they've recovered from the election results. But allowing them this, they contribute nothing to a unified party image that is so important. And they push the party so far right that Oliver J. and Donegan would almost qualify for membership.

Mention of Oliver J. reminds me that he is not a bad man to know if you intend to work the Clery's express. He'll introduce any rookie rural T.D. to the general manager for a modest fee and you can keep a continuous run of flannel knickers and long johns from the sales to East Limerick for the next four years.

But, above all, we must have unity, and we must keep up the image. The image is really the most important thing in politics. So throw your support behind myself and Brendan Halligan. We'll look after you. You don't have to, in fact I order you not to, make any speeches in the Dail. If you say nothing, you can't say the wrong thing. Do favours for the constituents and open a book of favours so that you will know who to call on at election times. Keep your line open to the bishop. You must be the first Labour man that a bishop voted into the Dail. Any chance the bishop would join the party? We could do with a bit of clerical muscle instead of the crozier wallops we've been getting in the dark. Noel and Conor of course always give out about the Church.

Conor wouldn't go to any Mass claiming he was 'an asmathic', whatever that had to do with it.

I needn't worry about you on that score. Stand behind us on July 5th and we'll fix you up.

Yours fraternally,  
Frank.

given the option of an hour on deck for each hundred men, if they would give their word not to make trouble by attacking the escort. Their leaders, stern, ruthless, dedicated men, refused to give any undertaking. The prisoners, therefore, were kept below decks for the second day. The sanitary arrangements were by buckets, which elected prisoners emptied overboard. At about eleven at night the boat anchored in Dublin Bay. The escort were taken off in two harbour tenders, and taken by lorry to Wellington Barracks, where they bedded down on mattresses on the floor of some wooden huts. Their place on the boat was taken by Dublin Guards. Two hours later they were roused from sleep and in lorries careered at speed to the docks to take over the boat from the escort of Dublin Guards who had been maltreating the prisoners. The offending men of the Guards were removed. The Limerick escort returned to Wellington Barracks.

At ten next morning the Limerick escort were taken in lorries to the quays where the prisoners had disembarked from the boat. They were marched three deep along the quays to the nearest railway station. The escort were between the

prisoners and the river on the right of the road. An armoured car followed in the rear of the convoy which stretched for over two hundred yards. The convoy moved at a very rapid "quick march". The footpath on the left of the road was lined by Dublin Guards. As the convoy passed on, these men on the footpath were ferried up to the front to take up positions forward of the convoy.

As the convoy passed Richmond Barracks, which was across the river, some British soldiers at the gateway started jeering at the escort or prisoners. The armour car and some of the escort raised their guns and the British rushed indoors closing the big gate after them. They were not to become involved.

Eventually the prisoners were entrained and passing over the loop line bridge reached Newbridge where they had a decent meal. The escort likewise had the first meal in three days. It was a change from the tea and bread.

At about four in the afternoon the train arrived at the Railway Station siding at the Curragh Camp.

(To be continued).



# Church and Politics

by JOHN CASEY

## THE BISHOP'S RUNNER

The general election is over and it's time to turn the spotlight on some of the dirty and dark corners of the contest

## Money and power

The cost of the general election for the three major parties came to about a million pounds. Fianna Fail spent most; they admit to spending between £400,000 and £500,000, of this £150,000 came from the National collection. The rest came from "wellwishers". Fine Gael say they spent about £250,000, of which 40% came from wealthy "subscribers". The Labour Party had the least to hand; their expenditure ran to about £100,000; as usual they depended heavily on the unions for financial aid.

The rather obvious point of all this is that a lot of money is spent on elections. A secondary aspect, worthy of note, is that neither of the two free enterprise parties is keen to reveal the names of its backers or the sources of the big money.

There can be little doubt but that big farmers and businessmen changed parties and dumped their old allegiances because of the "notional" farmers' tax and the capital gains tax.

The rich love paying tax: in Denmark taxation of the rich has spawned what is practically a neo-fascist party, The Popular Party, with a single aim to halt taxation of the wealthy.

Allowing the figure given by Fianna Fail of £500,000, and many would hold that their campaign cost much more, this leaves a donation fund of £350,000. Meetings between businessmen and Fianna Fail representatives did take place and the party says that contributions ranged from £100 to £5,000 and that no donation exceeded £5,000.

Why should farming and business interests bucket £350,000 into a political party? Do you believe that the biggest cheque did not exceed £5,000? Is it possible that money comes from outside? The United States have in the course of senate investigations admitted funding with huge sums the Italian and Chilean Christian Democratic parties at respective elections in the past number of years. Why should the U.S. interest itself in Ireland? Why Vietnam, the Philipinnes, Guatemala? You name the country.

It is important in any Western democratic state to have some credible form of democracy. This means having at least two parties which can be seen to give the electorate a choice; the fact that they offer no real choice is only important if the voters realise this. In '73 a change was necessary: Fianna Fail were at that time a disgraced party of gunrunners, bunglers and buffoons. Fitzgerald and the still unknown Labour man were closeted with the bankers and stockbrokers: the coalition was vetted and approved. Fianna Fail out for laundering, National Coalition in, bright and shiny.

By 1977, however, the chrome on Donegan, Cosgrave, Cooney and a few others had begun to peel: there was the resignation of the President, some blueshirt salutes, rampant backwoods manship, rampant inflation and rampant unemployment. Bring back a revamped and brassed opposition; rest the coalition, dump the Edwardian Taoiseach, bring in trendy leaders making the right sounds, a holy alliance of Christian "socialism" and Donnybrook liberalism! A government and a clean-shaven respectable opposition just like back home in Uncle Samland!

in East Limerick.

Stevie Coughlan, gone forever from national politics, was selected at the Labour Party selection convention in Dromkeen as the sole candidate on the Labour ticket in East Limerick. Coughlan's stock was low: the media presented him nationally as an ignoramus and a clown; locally he was known to be loud-mouthed, bumbling, blustering, an ineffective, failed public representative. Coughlan's re-election was in doubt: the electorate of East Limerick were tired of him, his son Thady, and their antics.

Normally, the Church does not interest itself in the personalities of candidates of either Fianna Fail or Fine Gael, as traditionally they are obedient and loyal to Mother Church. The Labour Party candidates do not escape with the same cursory inspection: as a so-called socialist party they are more suspect and the country has had hilarious incidents like Dr. David Thornley publicly exhibiting his scapulars and climbing into the pulpit in country towns to read the epistle at Mass, vigorously demonstrating the fervour of his Catholicism.

There have been the opponents of Church interference and power such as Dr. Noel Browne and Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, detested and feared by the hierarchy. However the rural TDs present no such problems; they have no awkward ideological commitments — their commitments are to re-election and, as Stevie was very much of this brotherhood, there would seem to be very little reason for Church interference. At the Labour Party Conference in Limerick Jeremiah Newman had publicly praised the Coughlan's and the other Labour Councillors' representation of the constituency: Stevie was a good crow-thumper — confraternity man, and Corpus Christi stomper.

The answer was in the opposition: Bishop Newman and the local clergy, fearing that the decline in Coughlan's popularity would open the door for the Independent Socialist Jim Kemmy decided to drum up support for the Communion plate carrier Mick Lipper. It was a sound tactic: a petition was circulated, subsequently reputed to be signed by over 4,000, it was supposed to be sent to the Party Head Office in Gardiner Place but the Labourites stated they never received it. One man definitely signed it. Jeremiah Newman determined to block Kemmy's bid for the Dail, determined to cut his first preference votes in the hope of discouraging a future bid.

Lipper was a perfect choice: a neighbour of Kemmy's, guaranteed to eat into his Garryowen and Southill votes, younger and even more devious than Stevie, a safe tool of local business, subservient to his betters, and an experienced City Alderman. Local business people liked the idea: Kemmy would not represent their interests in the Dail chamber. They threw money, big money, into Lipper's campaign. The sources of the campaign money are known to only a few but an intelligent guess would suggest that there was a whiparound amongst the Knights and local Catholic businessmen, big and small. The bishop with his back up, platoons of priests, brothers, nuns, praesidia of legionaires and the hungry sheep of the fringe organisations could pull electoral levers throughout the constituency in a silent manner at the right time.

Silence and secrecy were important. Other than signing his name and publicising the fact there was not much he could do openly. Already the Irish Times was interested, political commentators in Dublin perked up rather bemused by the Bishop's intervention, Newman retired into the shadows; he could only lead from behind from that point on. But to lead in the destruction of Kemmy's chances he was determined: Limerick would not have a socialist T.D. if this Bishop could help it.

A whispering campaign was started by Lipper in the last



# RUDGE HATHAWAY - DEAD OR STILL ALIVE?

BY DENIS DENNEHY

Whatever is certain about this story started way back in the early 1920's before Ireland's tragic Civil War. A young Englishman named Rudge Hathaway from Slough in the south of England had been captured in British Army uniform by the local IRA in North Kerry. He was held captive in various farmhouses in the Causeway/Ballyheigue area before he decided to desert the Imperial Forces and throw in his lot with the local insurrectionaries. Within a few short years he had become a local republican hero, a martyr for the cause, with his name mentioned in a popular ballad which was peddled by tinkers at every fair and gathering throughout the length and breadth of Munster.

Rudge was supposed to have died at the hands of a Free State firing squad in Ballymullen Barracks in Tralee after being captured at Clashmealcon Caves at the southern end of the mouth of the Shannon in September 1923. That was the alleged fate which caused his name to be linked heroically with other dead martyrs — for example in the ballad line, "McGrath and Shea and Hathaway" . . . Everybody in North Kerry with an interest in those terrible times believes that Rudge was executed by his one-time Irish friends . . . But I am not so certain.

My doubt started some 15 years ago. In a dosshouse in Peterborough in Northamptonshire I met an old Dubliner who told me casually one day that he had landed with the Dublin Guards at Fenit outside Tralee towards the end of the Civil War. At that time the Dublin Guards were the elite troops of the Free State army and North Kerry was the last outpost of the Irregulars. He described very graphically the difficult battle to capture Tralee. Eventually the conversation got round to Clashmealcon Caves and Hathaway.

"Why" I asked, "did ye kill an Englishman like Hathaway? "Was it because he was a deserter from the Free State army as well as the British army?"

His reply shocked me. "Hathaway was let go free", said he. "We all knew he was an unfortunate poor devil who didn't understand what 'twas all about".

When I asked further questions about the circumstances of Rudge's release and the executions of his Irregular comrades, he became reticent. All he would repeat was that Hathaway was released.

Several years afterwards, when I returned to Ireland, I read a sort of memoir by Limerickman Dave Neligan in the Irish

Independent (1966 I think). Neligan was one of Michael Collins' agents in Dublin Castle; later he assumed fairly high rank in the Free State army and was, I believe, in charge of Ballymullen Barracks in Tralee at the time of Hathaway's alleged execution. Later he was made head of military intelligence until de Valera came to power in 1932, when he was removed, on full salary, to a "post" in the Dept. of Agriculture. Neligan complained bitterly in the Independent article about the shabby treatment meted out to him by de Valera. He was given a chair and a desk in the Dept. of Agriculture but nobody told him what work he was supposed to do. Nor did anyone seem to care whether he came in to "work" or not. General Amin could hardly think of a more bizarre punishment than that.

But back to poor old Hathaway . . . No better man, thought I, than Neligan to tell me about Hathaway's fate. I tracked down his telephone number and rang. Ever try ringing a West Limerick farmer about his income tax liabilities? Neligan knew nothing, saw nothing, heard nothing. "You're mixing me up with the brother", said he. Bang goes the receiver.

A year ago, I was down in Kerry, drinking with an old relative who foot-slogged with the renegade Englishman in defence of Document No. 2, or whatever they thought they were foot-slogging for in 1922. "Hathaway was very quiet, hardly ever said a word", said old Dan. "But a very nice sort of bloke". I could imagine the pair of them, one from an urban proletarian background of poverty and deprivation in Slough and the other an exploited farm labourer from Kerry, trying to make political sense out of second-hand goods from de Valera, as they shivered on beds of straw. The locally garbled version of Dev's mysticism had something to say about a workers' and small farmers' republic. But then, I thought, ordinary soldiers, like the volunteer republican gunmen of to-day, rarely look behind the facade of the republican slogan.

Maybe Hathaway was released. Maybe he's still alive, drawing the old-age pension and enjoying his pint of mild and bitter in some corner of England, still puzzled by the "Irish situation". But not as Rudge Hathaway. He would have changed his name and kept quiet about the past in order to avoid 5 years in Dartmoor for desertion.

Anyway it's a nicer vision of his fate than the one peddled by Kerry republicans for over 40 years: the heroic republican death on a cold dawn in a Free State army barracks. For Ireland. And for nothing.

week of the campaign: Kemmy, the story went, was handing out contraceptives to young girls and prostitutes. The people voted in the government of all the talents and chucked them out for the party of all the promises. And it is not just the young and the doting who believe in fairytales; contraceptive pills are sold at chemists, shops and are not available at the Limerick Family Planning Clinic. But the fact did not worry Lipper.

Some believe that the Bishop wanted Lipper to win the seat but it's more probable that he didn't give a damn who won it, other than Kemmy. On a pre-election reading, taking the polls into account, it did not seem impossible that with three fighting for the Labour vote the seat would go to Russell. However the Fianna Fail swing buried Ted as permanently as it did Pa Kennedy.

The Bishop and his priests orchestrated the campaign silently. On the Sunday before polling day the faithful were instructed to vote for Christian candidates. Lipper nominated by his parish priest was undoubtedly a public Christian. So were most of the others; some of them publicly paraded it on Corpus Christi. The Bishop's and the priests' quarrel with Jim Kemmy was not because he refused to mill with the herd but

because he is an outspoken critic of the abuse of Church power and of its dabbling in politics.

We are not surprised. We have never doubted the power that the Church exercises in Ireland. Kemmy, the first politician to openly challenge this, was assured of their total opposition. He pulled 2,333 first preference votes, so it can be said that there are that many people in the city supporting real social changes, not a bad base on which to build. It can also be said that some of us overestimated our chances, basing our supposition on Kemmy's local election vote. But people vote quite differently at local and national elections. This general election was also a vote for conservatism: the people want an end to inflation and an end to unemployment and they voted for Fianna Fail as the more stable and tested party with its promises of delivering the goods, goodies for all. So we were caught in a crossfire from the Church and Fianna Fail. But it was our first time out and we fared well, given all the circumstances. We are in East Limerick to stay and we'll be back again to give the Bishop and the bishop's runner another course around the electoral track. And next time around Lipper will be judged on his record as a Dail Deputy and not on the fact that he was sponsored by a Bishop.



# THE TRIUMPH OF TRYING

## THE GENERAL ELECTION RESULT

The Limerick Socialist Organisation has no simple explanation to offer for the failure of its candidate, Jim Kemmy, to secure election at the June general election. But it is clear from the results in East Limerick and throughout the country that the people hopefully opted for the Fianna Fail promises rather than vote for candidates who stood for serious social change.

Under all the circumstances the 2,333 first preference votes polled by Jim Kemmy represent a solid electoral base in the city. When compared to the poor showing of long established politicians such as Russell and Coughlan, and the votes secured by such well-known figures like Crowe and Kennedy, Kemmy's performance is all the more significant.

The election in the East Limerick constituency was one of the hardest fought contests in the country. With thirteen candidates in the field, almost all shades of Irish political opinion were represented.

Apart from the overwhelming swing to Fianna Fail, the election in Limerick was remarkable for one other factor: the last minute intervention of Mick Lipper on a "Democratic Labour" ticket. Lipper's intervention was decisive in preventing Jim Kemmy from winning a seat or from going very close to it.

Some months before the election Lipper had told Coughlan that he would not be contesting the election and that he wanted to devote more time to his family. This statement seemed to make sense at the time. Lipper was doing little constituency work following the death of his son in a road accident. Never a good attender at Limerick City Council meetings, Lipper had only attended about four meetings in the previous year.

In any case, Coughlan was taking no chances. Having ruled out his son Thady as a candidate because of a well-grounded fear that the seat would be lost, Stevie had no intention of taking a second candidate with him on the Labour Party ticket.

This strategy suited Lipper and he made no effort to publicly oppose it. At the Dromkeen selection convention he brought only one supporter and his daughter with him. He made no attempt to oppose Coughlan's "go-it-alone" plan and stated that "the Labour Party owed him nothing".

In Pakie Hayes' pub after the convention, Lipper assured Coughlan that he would give him full support in the election and said that he would canvass personally with Stevie in Garryowen and Southill. Coughlan went happily home, thinking that his seat was secure for another election.

Soon Lipper's own plan became clear. He and many more people realised that Coughlan was slipping and that the Labour seat was there for the taking. The word was put out by Lipper's public relations man, Tom Tobin, that Mick had been victimised by Coughlan by being prevented from running on the Labour ticket. The press, national and local, hungry for rifts in Labour, quickly took up the cry.

Lipper's first move was to organise from the background a petition to the Labour Party seeking to have him drafted as a candidate. At this stage, Lipper had no intention of standing for Labour and the petition exercise was being used merely for its publicity value. At this stage, Coughlan's campaign was well under way and most of his election literature was printed.

For the record it should be noted that Lipper's petition never reached the Labour Party's headquarters in Dublin. During the election campaign, the petition was hawked from

pub to pub, mainly in the Garryowen area. Some of Lipper's supporters cheerfully admitted to having signed the petition more than fifty times!

But then Lipper played his trump card. The "Irish Press" in its lead story announced that Dr. Newman, the Roman Catholic bishop of Limerick, had come out in favour of the "victimised" candidate and had signed the petition. Part of this petition stated: "We make this request because he is the only Labour representative we would vote for".

Later it became known that Dean Empey, the Church of Ireland clergyman had also signed the petition, thinking that it was to be used solely for private internal Labour Party use. When the Dean became aware of the likelihood of his and Dr. Newman's names being used publicly he contacted the Bishop and informed him of this likelihood. But at this stage the bishop was well aware of the implications of his support for Lipper.

Dr. Newman's support, far from being a spontaneous, hasty decision, was part of a carefully arranged plan to prevent Jim Kemmy from being elected. With the help of Father Seamus Power, Administrator of St. John's Cathedral, (Lipper's parish) Lipper was able to convince the bishop that if Kemmy was given a clear field, especially in the working class Garryowen and Southill areas, he would be elected or else would poll a large vote. Lipper told the bishop that he was the only candidate capable of beating Kemmy in Garryowen and Southill. Dr. Newman had no hesitation in bringing the political influence of the Church behind Lipper.

In the week before polling day this influence came more to the fore: priests preached sermons about the duty of the people to vote for Christian candidates; the word was passed down from high places to clergy teachers and policemen to give their votes to "the bishop's man". And there was particular concentration by priests and nuns in the two areas where Kemmy was strongest, Garryowen and Southill.

On polling day nuns with their cars — some carrying Lipper stickers — worked strenuously all day long in bringing old people to the polling stations. These nuns call regularly on the old people as part of their normal work and so had built up a network of support for Lipper before the election. Three of the nuns — Sisters Pauline, Martina and Cecilia — were particularly conspicuous in their efforts on polling day and in the weeks before.

Kemmy and Lipper were largely competing for the same vote. In the event Lipper won out, and it will come as no surprise to learn that of his 5,224 first preference votes 71% (or 3,656 votes) of his second preferences went to Kemmy. So, it is clear that had Lipper not stood and had these second preference votes been translated to No. 1's, the seat would have been won by Kemmy.

Thus it can be said that the result of Kemmy's election campaign was a satisfactory one. No other candidate in the history of Irish politics has ever stood for such radical policies. The influence of the Church was flushed into the open and is unlikely to be as effective in the future. The bishop's choice may not prove to be so attractive in the long-term and is bound to have some difficulty in lasting the political pace, if his past track-record is anything to go on.

Kemmy's campaign was well planned and carried out with intelligence and discipline. His team worked well together. So, there is plenty of hope and scope for progress in the future. Of all the candidates, Kemmy is the only up-and-coming man in Limerick politics. And there is the makings of three City Councillors in his general election vote.